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An Heroick

POEM

ON

The Right Honourable,

THOMAS

EARL OF

OSSORY.

LONDON:

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To His GRACE,

The DUKE of

ORMOND.

My LORD,

Ought to implore Pardon for daring to throw my ſelf at Your GRACES Feet, did not the Occaſion warrant the Ambition, and the Glory of the Subject conſecrate the Poëm I preſent You. Thus whilſt I have endeavoured to pourtraict the Illuſtrious Earl of *OSSORY*, how faintly ſoever I have perform'd it, yet I have this Security on my ſide, that this Worthleſs Mirrour will receive that Luſtre from the Bright Image that fills it, that methinks with that Name for my Authority, I make my Addreſs to the Great Duke of *ORMOND*, as the Ancient *Romans* made their Entrance to the Temple of Honour, which was through that of Vertue. But in the Commemoration of his tranſcendant Perfections, I am got ſo far into ſo ample a Field, that 'tis impoſſible for me to take a Proſpect of his ſplendid Gallantries, without ſurveying their ſacred Source, Your GRACES Elder Glories.

'Twas in our late Civil Wars, an Age which I may call the Libertines Carnival; when Treaſon and Rebellion play'd the Frantick Revellers: 'twas then

the famous Duke of *ORMOND* laid his firſt Foundation for Immortality, reſolved to drein at once his Veins and Fortunes, in a Cauſe Divinely Glorious. But in vain your GRACES infinite exhauſted Treaſures; with your own perſonal Command in Arms, bent their whole force to oppoſe that Torrent, which Providence had ordain'd ſhould meet no ſtop. Heaven had decreed the *State-Hydra* ſhould be Invincible, and even an *Herculean Labour* ineffectual.

'Twas then, 'twas then, that *England*'s Royal Martyr fell, and by a Stroke ſo univerſally deplor'd, that all the Buſineſs of ſuch ſurviving Loyalty as the Duke of *ORMOND*'s, was either to Revenge his Murder'd Maſter, or ſet in Bloud, and make a Ruby in his Crown of Martyrdome. But as the firſt was predeſtin'd to be Impoſſible, ſo Heav'n would not permit the laſt, but gave Your GRACE this Recompence for all your Indefatigable Endeavours in the Loyal Cauſe, that you ſurvived to ſee the Reſtoration of our bleſſed Soveraign; and by a Turn ſo Miraculous, that what was an Age in deſtroying, was recover'd in a Day; whilſt Heaven appeaſed our troubled World with as much Eaſe as it ſpoke the Creating Word that form'd it: And Rebellion that had ſo long miſled our Sun, like *Phaeton*, was by the *Thunderer* daſht from its Seat, whilſt our Returning CHARLES ſtept in, and in a Moment reaſſum'd his Light and Throne. This happie day Your GRACE juſtly lived to ſee, and acted ſo great a Part in the Univerſal Triumph, that after Your Honourable Exile, and the long Sequeſtration of ſo prodigious an Eſtate, You attended his Majeſties Coronation with Your Shatter'd Fortunes, like ragged Enſignes, at once both Ruinous and Glorious too.

Nor

Nor muſt Your GRACE's unwearied Services to Your King and Country finiſh here: for after the unexampled Honour of four ſeveral Commiſſions for the Government of the hard-neckt Stubborn *Ireland*, Your GRACE has render'd Your ſelf rather the Founder than the Viceroy of a Kingdom, whilſt by Your unfadom'd Depths, and incomparable Conduct, You have made that a Jewel in a Crown, which was formerly a Rent-Charge to the Engliſh Diadem; and diſcloſed the profitable Royal Mine without the leaſt Murmur of the People, or even the ſhadow of an Oppreſſion; whilſt holding out Your Powerful Scepter in this bold Enterpriſe, like the old *Moſaick Rod*, You have ſtemm'd all Oppoſitions, and paſt through that Great but hazardous Office on ſafe and ſolid Ground, where all Your intervening Competitors have been overwhelm'd or loſt.

Thus whilſt my elevated Thoughts have often rais'd me to the Contemplation of the Glorious Duke of *ORMOND*, and the no leſs Glorious Earl of *OSSORY*, two ſuch Worthies in one Age, and in one Family, I cannot but think their Noble and Heroick Mindes could not have a leſs Original than the Tranſmigrated Spirits of a *Philip* and an *Alexander*: That reſtleſs and daring Courage ſhone in the Son, and that ſolid Prudence and Judgement in the Father; that one had a Soul fit to Conquer a World, and the other to Govern it.

But now, my Lord, with how great and how juſt an Adoration ſoever I have offered this pious Duty to the Immortal Memory of the Valiant and Loyal *OSSORY*, never was ſo unhappie an Altar rais'd, or ſo unwilling an Oblation paid. For had the united tendereſt Wiſhes of all Mankinde prevail'd, *England* had ſtill enjoy'd her *Champion*, and *ORMOND* his

his *OSSORY*. This Pious Theme ſhould then have been the work of later Hiſtorians, and enricht the Chronicles of Remoter Ages. Then how numerous had his great Atchievements been, and how much more Voluminous had his Recorded Glories ſwell'd, had Providence thought fit to have lengthen'd out his Life to the Performance of thoſe Wonders which the World ſo juſtly expected from ſo promiſing a Greatneſs. But now, alas, conſidering his Early Setting, his too untimely Fate, he that writes his ſhining Character, as dazling as it is, yet comes ſo ſhort of what Nature, by his daily riſing Growth, deſign'd it; that we regiſter his Memorials but as the Famous *Sibyl* publiſht her Prophecies; when of her Nine ſacred Folio's ſhe left but Three. Her malicious hand that committed the other Six to the Fire, was leſs ſpightful to the World than that Fatal Deſtiny that brought an *OSSORY* to his Grave. His Race of Honour was ſo ſhortned, that his Miracles come forth no leſs curtaliz'd than her Oracles.

And now, my Lord, if ſo weak a Pen as mine, has ſo unworthily preſumed on ſo ſublime a Treatiſe, I beg Your Grace would be pleaſed to impute it to an Impulſe that was wholly Irreſiſtible. His Matchleſs Vertues were ſuch, that, in ſpight of Nature it ſelf, have made an Enthuſiaſt. And if the Inſpiration is too humble for the Divinity it celebrates, let my Zeal expiate for my Boldneſs; and my Veneration for that Great Man, make ſome part of an Atonement for,

My Lord,

Your GRACES

Moſt Obedient, and
moſt humbly Devoted ſervant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

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AN

HEROICK POEM

ON

The Right Honourable,

THOMAS

Earl of OSSORY.

TO Worthies Dead, we Shrines & Altars give;
The Temple is but building, whilſt they live.
True Greatneſs is a Pile does daily riſe,
Till its laſt Pinacle has kiſs'd the Skies:
Then, fixt as Fate, th'unſhaken Columns hold,
The Fabrick ſtrongeſt when the Cement's cold.
Here, ſacred Shade, our juſt Devotion flies:
The Saint commences, when the Heroe dies.
Whilſt th'Incenſe of our Vows thus late aſpires,
Perfum'd and Lighted at thy Funeral Fires.

But would we pay thee ought that's worthy Thee,
Thy own Memorials muſt th'Oblation be.
The *Perſians* thus did their Sun's Altar ſtore
With Loads of precious Fragrant Gums, no more
Than what his Beams had made ſo Sweet before.
But are theſe Pious Rites our onely due?
No; with our Pray'rs w'have Execrations too,
Againſt that Fate which has our Hopes undone,
Making us Wretched, and Thee Bleſt too ſoon.
Oh drive that diſmal Scene of Horrour hence;
'Twill break all Numbers, and diſſolve all Senſe.
Ye Jocund peaceful Quire, if ſuch you be;
For ill ſhould Harmony with Woes agree.
Ye pow'rful Nine, obey'd thro' the vaſt ALL,
Who both th'Unborn and Dead to Life can call:
To Forms you Bodies give; at whoſe command,
Paſt, Preſent, and to Come, walk hand in hand;
Whilſt Time at once to both its Poles you ſee
Standing the *Janus* to Eternity:
Aſſiſt us with your Intellectual Light;
Preſent the Living Heroe to our ſight.
Oh, let his old Majeſtick Form ariſe,
And flaſh Amazement in bold Gazers eyes;

As if his Hand ſtill the ſame Trident bore,
When CHARLES his Thunder ſhook the *Belgick* ſhore;
Whilſt *OSSORY* within his Floating Walls,
His valiant Sea-born Sons to Honour calls.
Or let him 'gainſt th'inſulting *Gallick* Foe
Thro' Lanes of Death to * Mouths of Cannons go;
Then turn thir Roaring Throats to thir own dooms,
Thro' their own Hearts unload their Sulph'rous [Wombs.
So *Jupiter* ſtruck a bold Gyant dead;
Daſht his hurl'd Mountains back on his own head:
Whilſt to his Buried Foes at once he gave,
In their own Arms, both a Defeat, and Grave.

Yet hold my hand! how daring's this Eſſay!
Oh, couldſt thou, Fancie, his true Painter play!
Be Maſterly each Touch; Paint, as he Fights:
Bold be thy Strokes; let all his Pictures Lights
Be Thunder; Deſolation every Shade:
Such were the Colours which his Pencil laid;
Whilſt with his Sword the dazling Piece he drew,
And then at CHARLES his feet the Lanſcape threw:
At CHARLES his feet; CHARLES was his Polar Star;
All his Ambitions Circle center'd there.
His Loyalty and Courage were ſo pair'd,
As if one Motion and one Life they ſhar'd.

* *At* Mons.

4.63

His Glory, and his Princes Intereſt
Inſeparably at once ſo fill'd his breaſt,
That when his Soul, big with a Thought Divine,
Quicken'd and ſwell'd with ſome ſublime Deſigne;
Whilſt in his Brain the Mighty Embryo lay,
And call'd the *God of Fire* to make it way;
Before the Great *Minerva* could come forth,
The half-born Form teem'd with a ſecond Birth;
Felt through the Maſs a Generating Flame,
And ſtraight impregnated with CHARLES his Fame,
From its great Parent ſprung, like Light from Fire;
At the ſame moment born the Offspring & the Sire.
So joyn'd their Source, ſo undiſtinguiſht lay,
Not th' Attributes of Heav'n more linkt than they:
As indiviſible to Thought or Senſe,
As Infinite is from Omnipotence.
Nay, and to make the Royal Union knit,
If poſſible, more Cloſe, more Sacred yet,
His Loyalties Foundation ſtronger laid;
The Worſhip of his God the Cement made;
With his Kings Cauſe, to his Religion vow'd,
Joyn'd in his Prayers, he at his Altars bow'd.
So ardent did his wing'd Devotion come,
Not *Hannibal* a more ſworn Foe to *Rome*.

Here

Here could ſome Bolder laboring Muſe ſtand forth,
Big with all *Pluto*'s Secrets at one Birth,
Down to th'Abyſs of Envy's Manſion go,
And with her Heav'n-born Siſters dive ſo low;
Joyn all your keen Iambicks, mix your Gall,
And in Poëtick Rage, turn Furies all:
Then paint ſome Curſt Obdurate Infidel,
That venom-mouth'd, and ſnarling Dog of Hell:
Paint his polluted Hands of that black Taint,
So Pitchy, as would ev'n defile a Saint:
In his own Sables be the Fiend array'd,
In Wilful Ignorance's maſſie Shade,
Groſs as Gods Plague to *Pharaoh*'s harden'd Spight;
More ſolid Darkneſs than *Egyptian* Night.
Then let us the Conſpiring Monſter view,
In Conſult with his own Infernal Crew,
In his Infatuated Blindneſs frame
A Stain to *OSSORY*'s Immortal Name.
Here Heav'n, as he would Thine, his Quarrel take,
And let his Wrongs thy juſteſt Vengeance wake.
Oh, let not Profanation ſwell too much,
So neer an Image of thy Self to touch:
To charge the Abject Hypocrite, ſo foul
And mean a Thought, to ſo ſublime a Soul:

A Soul that would the leaſt Contagion flie:
So pure a Chryſtal holds no Poyſonous Dye.
Oh, that an Unbelief or Doubt ſhould riſe,
Where ſo much Honor ſhin'd, t'uncloud their Eyes!
But why ſo vain a Wiſh in his Defence,
As from Brutality, Belief or Senſe;
T'apoſtate Frenzie ſo entirely given,
They'd want 'em ev'n to Miracles from Heaven.
Alas, how ſtingleſs does their Malice fall!
Thy Truth to CHARLES and HEAV'N ſurmounts it all:
And to a Hand ſo try'd, and Truth ſo known,
So Popular no Vertue ever ſhone.
Thy King, his Royal Standard born by Thee,
Could not want Swords, nor they want Victory.
Thy Name would rouz all Hearts: ſo ſtrang a Charm
Lodg'd in a Banner wav'd by *OSSORY*'s Arm;
So far his loud-tong'd Call of Glory ſpred,
Scarce the laſt Trumpet's ſound more heard, or more [obey'd
And ſtrengthen'd with a Pow'r great as his Will,
With eaſe he could Reſolve, with eaſe Fulfill.
In Conduct, and in Policies of War,
His Judgment ſhot ſo quick, and pierc'd ſo far;
His great Elixirs to Perfection came
At the firſt heat of his Refining Flame.

Thus

Thus did *Apollo*'s Heav'nly Siſter ſhine,
At once for Wiſdom, and for War, Divine.
In th'ador'd *Pallas* they compris'd his Charms,
Aſſign'd one Godhead both to Arts and Arms.
Yet did not here his own Illuſtrious Toyls
Fill his great Soul; Renown in humbler Spoils
Was welcome there, whilſt his expanded Breaſt
Had boundleſs Room for every Warlike Gueſt.
True Valour was his onely Favourite;
The Gallant, and the Bold, his whole Delight,
Flow'd to his Arms, like Rivers thro' the world;
Whilſt, in his Ocean mixt, th' embracing Billows
Honour he cheriſht, but he taught it firſt; [curl'd.
And lov'd the Non-age of that Worth he nurs'd.
So the fierce Monarch of the Savage kinde,
His own full Strength for bolder Deaths deſign'd,
Hug'd his dear Club, when fluſht in Bloud he lay,
Tho' his young Paws graſpt but a Bleating Prey.
Nor did they onely ſhare his Smiles in War;
For ſtill the Brave were his Eternal Care.
He was their General, and Patron too;
No Father half ſo kind, no Friend ſo true.
When in the Field his Martial Eagles flew,

Under

Under their Wings to Conqueſt lead 'em on;
And lent 'em Refuge underneath his own:
Protecting ſtill that Worth he did admire;
In Peace their SHIELD, in War their Leading FIRE.
Even thus of old did the Celeſtial Hand
Guide his lov'd *Iſrael* to the Promis'd Land:
One while, in a kind CLOUD's refreſhing Shade,
He Health and Shelter, even in Deſarts, made.
Another, did his brighter Beams diſplay,
In his own Native, and more Heavenly Ray,
Above 'em like a FIERY PILLAR rod,
Their Light, or Umbrage; and in both a GOD.
Yet were his ſhining Trophies infinite,
His Orb a *Galaxy*, and much more Bright,
Not thir whole Blaze one ſpark of Pride cou'd light.
Glory his Breaſt did Fill, but never Swell;
Never ſuch height was ſo acceſſible.
No Greatneſs ſo familiar; and ſo free
No Temple to the humbleſt Votary:
Worth never ſpoke, nor Juſtice ſu'd in vain.
So have I fancy'd on *Pharſalia*'s Plain
A Tatter'd *Roman* in his Ruſty Steel,
With a rough bow, untaught to Fawn or Kneel,

T'his

T' his Royal Leaders Ear, for Juſtice, flie ;
And to Great *CÆSAR*, onely, *Cæſar*, cry.
Here in that bright Triumphant Chariot hurl'd,
Deſign'd to drive around the vanquiſht World,
The Awful Univerſal Majeſtie
Caſts on his Honourable Scars an Eye ;
Curbs his hot Steeds, and makes a halting Pauſe,
To Judge and Right an honeſt Souldiers Cauſe.
Nor was the Temper of his Minde alone
Healthful and Vigorous in Wars Torrid Zone :
In Peace's Cooler Climes he flouriſht too,
Shining, and ſweetning every Air he drew.
Here, Muſe, his Praiſe like thy *Parnaſſus* frame ;
On two Twin-Mounts of Greatneſs build his Fame.
His Vertues led a Court, as well as Camp,
And raught 'em Honour of the Nobleſt Stamp.
To Promiſes, he Reſolution brought ;
And never launcht a Word beyond a Thought.
So Courtly too his Converſation made,
That in his Face all Manly Graces play'd.
Tho' Fate and Thunder did his Arm ſurround,
The Fires were Lambent wch his Temples crown'd :
Whilſt with thoſe Gentle Courteous Airs he ſmil'd,
Calm as *Loves Mother*, than *Her Son* more mild ;

But rougher than the Sea, where ſhe was born,
When Plumes and Steel his haughty Brows adorn.
If ſuch heap'd Vertues to one man were given,
Challenge thy own, his Great Firſt Mover, Heaven:
Thy own indeed; for every Martial Star,
Thoſe Hoſts of animating Fires, ſhine there,
With all their whole united Influence, hung
O'er his bleſt Head; ſtrong was their Force, as ſtrong
His Parentage, th' alike Aſcendant Pow'rs
Of a long Line of far-fam'd Anceſtours;
Worthies enroll'd, ſuch Antiquated Duſt,
Whoſe Images, of venerable Ruſt,
Lie ſtretcht on moulder'd Monuments, ſo old,
That they are ſcarce leſs Duſt than what they hold;
So eat by Time, till Light's officious Ray
Peeps through, and to the Grave lets in the Day.
Thus in his Greatneſs and Allegiance too,
His Miracles Hereditary grew:
In *ORMOND*'s Heir the laſt firm Link he bears,
Of one unbroken Chain drawn thro' four hundred years;
A Chain which from ſuch Ages held ſo faſt,
Muſt thro' the whole *Platonick* Circle laſt;
Till wondring Time to th' *Ormond*-praiſe ſhall tell,
That Greatneſs truly ſtands, that never fell.

Theſe

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These Honours, *OSSORY*, thy Birth create;
But thou'rt a nearer Favourite of Fate.
'Mongst all the Virtues in thy Bosome reign,
A Godlike Courage leads th' Angelick Train.
And since unactive Loyalty's no more
Than a bright Minde, rich Natures hidden Oar;
This Bolder Gamester takes a Nobler way,
Sets high for Fame, and brings his Gold in play.
Eager he threw, and Young to'th Lists he came;
Th'Abetting *God of War* pusht on the Game:
Thro' his fir'd Veins made the warm Heroe rise,
Glow in his Cheeks, and sparkle in his Eyes.
War was his early Mistress, his first Aim,
Thro' untrod ways to court uncommon Fame;
Whilst with a Strength unequal to his Will,
And wanting Years his Wishes to fulfil,
Oft would he murmur at the lazie Sun,
And bid the tedious Charioteer drive on.
Tir'd with his Youth, in Natures face he flew,
Curst her slow Architect; and Envious grew
At that quick Bloud in our First Parent ran,
Who, at a Word created, stept out Man.
Young as a *Ganymede*, he long'd to be
As neer th'Almighty Thunderer as He.

With Tranſport view'd *Jove*'s Royal *Eagle* ſoar,
And envy'd her her Height, her Pride; but more
The fatal Bolt her Radiant Talons bore.
Alcides Rage did his young Boſome fill;
His Infant-hands wanted his Snakes to kill.

With this freſh Bloom his Youthful ſpirit grew,
Early he read Fames written Volumes through.
But by the Earlier hand of Fate attaqu'd,
Was taught to Suffer, ere h'had power to Act.

When *England* late with her own Bloud did flow,
And that dire Stroke, th'unutterable Blow,
Did the whole *Britiſh* forfeit World enſlave,
Digging in Royal Veins the *Engliſh* Honours Grave:
Th'Uſurping *Lucifer* here ſnatcht the Throne;
Cry'd, Hell's amongſt 'em, and all Hell's my own;
Whilſt Loyal Hearts for Sacrifice decreed,
In Hecatombs to the new *Moloch* bleed.
Amongſt the Crouds for Lingering deaths ſecur'd,
Is our young Pris'ner in the Tow'r * immur'd.
'Tis true, no Fact againſt his Life they bring,
Too weak a Pillar yet t'uphold a King.
But what occaſion for a ſtronger Proof?
He's born of th'*Ormond*-Race, and that's enough.

* *Impriſoned two years by* Cromwel.

A Native Loyalty darts from his Eye;
And Looks are Guilt, when Murder'd Monarchs die.
Beſides, the Hell-born Locuſt, not alone
Contented to pollute the Kingly Throne,
His ſacred Purple ſtain, his Land devour;
But to root up all Seeds of Royal Pow'r;
Reſolv'd he'd that Eternal Winter bring,
Should blaſt all Thoughts of SECOND CHARLES his [Spring;
Would his laſt Hopes of Loyal Labourers ſpoil,
And leave no Hands to Cultivate the Soyl.
Thus our young Brave's t'a timely Dungeon ſent,
Chain'd, but not tam'd; and cruſht, but yet unbent:
So Terrible his unarm'd Hand appear'd,
In th'unſtruck Flint the hidden Fires he fear'd.
So dreadful to th'old Fiend was the Firſt Man;
(His Vertues fatal t'his Infernal Raign,
Such Threatning Beams did his young Dawn diſ-
Was Formidable ev'n in Innocence. [pence)

If ſuch thy Morning was, what was thy Noon!
Alas, my dazled Eyes anſwer too ſoon.
'Tis true, with our Erected Eyes we may
To thy full Orb our Adoration pay;
But humbler Mindes Heroick Souls ſurvey,

473.

As Men view Stars; at whoſe prodigious Height
We ſee a Point, but not a Globe of Light.
Great Luſtre either diſtant ſhines, or when
By Mortal View approacht, 'tis nearer ſeen;
'Tis like th'old Sire that walkt with God, whoſe Face
Too bright, came veil'd, to talk to humane Race.
If then the Region of thy Soul's too high,
To which the Fluttering Muſes cannot flie;
Not their wing'd *Pegaſus* th'Attempt dares breath,
But ſhrinks at the Aſcent, and lags beneath:
Thy Deeds then be the ſafer Theme we'll ſing;
He that would Paint the Sun, muſt draw the Spring.

A Land there is, on Bold Foundations laid,
Foundations that durſt Natures ſelf invade;
A Land, by Heav'ns Creation never made:
A Land, where Keels once cut their Liquid way;
Where in the Surge the ſtretcht *Leviathan* lay,
Whilſt all the Slimy Race did wondring round him play.
A Nation, who to that ſtrange Greatneſs come,
Out-did th'*Aſylum* of old Riſing *Rome*.
They rob'd all Corners of the Earth, to be
A People; for their Land, they rob'd the Sea:
Firſt elbow'd *Neptune* out, to build a Seat;
And then they juſtled Monarchs, to be Great.

This

This Stubborn Race could face the Ocean's Lord,
GREAT BRITAINS KING, and face him unador'd:
Diſdain'd their Duteous Homage to allow;
Too Stiff to Kneel, or elſe too Tall to Bow.
Pamper'd to Pride, t'a Luſt of Pow'r high-fed;
By Envy's Eldeſt Birth, Ambition, led,
They durſt diſpute the Empire of the Main,
Spur'd with a hope more raſh than *Xerxes* Chain.
Here our Great OSSORY's firſt Toyls begun;
Twas CHARLES his Ocean ſaw his Riſing Sun.
His Country's Quarrel does his Hand embrace,
Sent out to Laſh this Bold Amphibious Race.
A poſting *Mercury* more ſwift ne'r rod
To bear the Mandates of an Angry God,
Wings on his Feet, and Duty in his Eyes,
Than OSSORY with CHARLES his Vengeance flies.
Not CÆSAR's proud *Armado* could engage
The valiant *Anthony* with deadlier Rage,
Whilſt the *Ægyptian* Warriour by his ſide
Saw *Cleopatra*'s Glittering Galley ride;
Fill'd with a Beauty that ev'n Death could warm;
A Miſtriſs fight t'a Fighting Lovers Arm;
Both by her Wiſhes and her Eyes inſpir'd,
Wing'd as ſhe Breath'd, and as ſhe Lookt, ſhe fir'd.

Am-

475

Ambition never joyn'd two Foes more fierce,
Engag'd for the diſputed Univerſe;
Whilſt *Cæſar*'s WORLD as little cou'd afford,
As CHARLES his SEAS, Room for a Rival-Lord.
On ſuch a Theme our Engliſh Champion draws
A Sword that's no leſs Glorious than his Cauſe:
Here his long Banks his pouring Torrent breaks,
And an unbounded looſe to Ruine takes;
Whilſt Tempeſt-like it Gathers as it rouls:
(The natural Start of all Impetuous Souls.)
So roar'd his Cannons thro' the trembling Floud,
Th'admiring Gods for his Spectators ſtood;
Sally'd from all the utmoſt Ports of Heav'n
To the Mid-Air, to ſee the Onſet giv'n.
So loud, ſo diſmal was the Voice of War,
That at the Scene, the Baſhful *Thunderer*
With awful ſilence was aſtoniſht grown,
Liſtning to Sounds more Dreadful than his own:
Saw Bolts of Fire in Hiſſing Billows drown'd,
And heard the Shores with greater Shocks rebound
Than when the Sweating *Cyclops* burning Toyl
Makes his own Firmamental Waters boyl.
So did our *OSSORY*'s keen Lightning play,
Gilding the Streams, and Burniſhing the Sea;

Whilſt

Whilſt the enlightned Waves, at ev'ry Flaſh,
Drank up more Fires, than when their watry Face,
Natures great Mirrour, Elemental Glaſs,
Drinks up the Stars; when in the ſparkling Main
The Pilot views a ſecond CHARLES HIS WAIN;
Reflected Heav'ns inverted Concave lie,
With twinkling Lights danc'd in a Waving Skie.
Thus fought our OSSORY: And thus inſpir'd,
His heartned Souldiers, with a Zeal untir'd,
Puſht thir whole Strength to th'utmoſt Tug of War;
Nor thought they could have trod on Graves too far,
Such vig'rous Health thir chearful Spirits wear:
No unrewarded Valour murmur'd there.
He onely exercis'd thoſe Nerves he fed,
His Bounty fatning what his Courage led.
Thus mov'd they in the Circle of his Charms;
His Influence ſate above, to guide their Arms.
Soul of their World, did his great Genius flow.
So the high Spheres their vaſt tun'd Meaſures go;
Whilſt Seaſons, Days, & Years, dance after 'em below.
He was an Admiral, deſerv'd to grace
A Conſtellation, more than that *Greek* Race,
VVhoſe Honour in the raviſht Golden Prize
Bore the Rich *Argonaut* above the Skies.

[ſhines,
Where in Eternal Calms each Spangled Streamer
Whilſt everlaſting Lights adorn Immortal Pines.
But now on Shore let's view his next Command,
His Watry Chariot left, to drive at Land:
Th'unharneſs'd *Tritons* to their Reſt reſtor'd,
Whilſt his Yoakt Lyons wait their mounting Lord.
Here, OSSORY, let MONS thy Deeds proclaim,
And ſing an Engliſh General's deathleſs Fame:
Flanders laſt Battle fought, and won by Thee;
A Battle 'gainſt a Glorious Enemy;
Fluſht with Succeſs, and long with Laurels Crown'd:
Perhaps before untaught to quit his ground.
A Foe, who with his Arts of War prepar'd,
Batt'ries and Trenches, and all Natures Guard,
Encamp'd with all th'Advantage of the Field,
Did onely to Victorious Courage yeild.
Raiſing that Siege, thou didſt ſuch Wonders do,
Raiſe th' univerſal Siege of *Flanders* too.
For to that one determinating Blow,
The Northern Peace does her Foundations owe.
Thus that great Work, for which, ſo long deſir'd,
Contending Kingdoms had in vain conſpir'd,
United fought, united toyl'd, and tir'd;

Fate

Fate did alone for thy bold Arm decree,
As being the onely Labour fit for Thee.
How far proud *France*'s Fury, uncontroul'd,
Unbounded, like a Fiery Deluge roul'd;
Till *OSSORY* did that Great Day appear,
And bid the Conflagration finiſh there.
So when Omnipotence the Globe had fram'd,
Had ſpoke out Light, and warring Elements tam'd;
When nought but his great Word in Bounds could keep
The Lawleſs Torrents of the Mighty Deep,
He bid the Foaming OCEAN know the Shore;
Thus far its Rages Limits, and no more.
A ſcarce leſs Work for thy Illuſtrious Hand
Had the Deciſion of one Day ordain'd:
Flanders her Peace did to Thy Sword aſſigne,
Whilſt the Libration of a World was Thine.
The *Belgick* Lyon from his Toyl ſet free,
And the long Plagues of War diſpell'd by Thee,
Thy Bounteous Influence like o'rflowing *Nile*,
Clear'd the Sick Air, and fatten'd all the Soyl.
Thus the old Gods from *Ida*'s top beheld
The *Phrygian* Plains with *Greeks* and *Trojans* fill'd;
Saw Death and wild Deſtruction ſtalk around,
And Maſſacre with Blazing Chaplets Crown'd,

Till

Till the warm Cauſe ſome Heav'nly mind inſpir'd,
From a Spectator to a Champion fir'd.
And when on Heaps the diſmal Ruines lay,
Steps a deſcending God, and parts the Fray.
Here let the Labours of our Heroe ceaſe,
Encircled in his own Creation, Peace.
The greateſt Warriours have in Eaſe moſt ſhare,
And always act the ſhorteſt part in War:
To Victory they cut too near a way,
Too firm a Ground for laſting Triumphs lay,
And the whole work of Years ends in a Day.
Rare are the Toyls of all Stupendious Pow'r,
Great *Michael* fought but once, and *Jove* no more.
But ſtay, theſe humble Praiſes are too ſmall;
To ſay he Led, Fought, Vanquiſht, Triumph'd, all.
'Tis not enough, unleſs all Tongues record
His Principles more Glorious than his Sword.
The Pen of Steel alone it muſt not be
That to fam'd Chiefs writes Immortality.
Men the True Heroe like the Martyr paint:
'Tis the Great Cauſe that conſecrates the Saint.
When his Heroick Vertues ſpread ſo far,
The univerſal darling Son of War,

That

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That Rival-States for his Alliance ſu'd;
His Hand and Sword by courting Nations woo'd:
Firſt the great *France* his aſſail'd Paſſions try'd,
Brought her gay Cauſe in all her tempting Pride;
The Richeſt, Haughtieſt, moſt Majeſtick Bride*.
Upon her head ſhe wore a Coronet
Of Myſtick Figure: for the Ground was Jet;
A Sable Field with Sanguine Rubies ſet.
Her beſt-lov'd Jewel on her Arm was plac'd;
In Modern Mould a *Roman* Medal caſt;
A JULIUS CÆSAR pictur'd to the Waſt.
Amidſt her ſhining Breaſt-plates Radiant Beams,
Loaded with Pearl, and Studded o'r with Jems;
A curious Eye might at a Glimpſe ſee drawn,
In Aëry Rays of ſcatter'd Silver Dawn,
An Inlaid Remnant of a CROSS ſhe bore;
But Shaded with the Maſſier PRIDE ſhe wore.
Upon her Shield (for ſhe was Martial dreſt)
A Painter had in Miniature expreſt
Her vanquiſht Slaves, great Leaders once, and moſt
The Lords of Cities, Towns, or Caſtles, loſt:
Some by her Shafts, the Lightning of her Eyes,
Subdu'd and Chain'd, her Lawful Conqueſts prize;

* *Being courted by the French King to his Service, when Embaſſadour into* France, *with the proffer of* 10000 *Piſtols* per annum, *and* 20000 *for his Equipage.*

4 81

But others her Ignobler Fetters hold,
Charm'd by her well-try'd Magick Philter, GOLD.
To all this Pomp a wondrous Dow'r ſhe brought;
Sure Baits which an unguarded Heart had caught.
But *OSSORY* unmov'd by Form or Show,
Wiſely ſurvey'd this gaudy Temptreſs thro'.
Th'Inſatiate Thirſt of unjuſt Pow'r, he ſaw,
Her Heart, like a *Promethean* Vulture, gnaw:
A heart more worthy of his Doom than his,
His Guilt outdone even by her Victories:
The ill-got Trophies which her Arms acquire
More Robb'ry then the ſtoln *Promethean* Fire.
Here all her Depths he ſounds; her Vows but Ayre,
Bloudy her Frowns, her Smiles Deſigne and Snare.
Of Broken Leagues he heard the murm'ring ſound,
And Sacramental Bonds in *Lethe* drown'd.
In vain her Pow'r, Succeſs, or Treaſure pleads;
In vain her Arts, in vain her Nets ſhe ſpreads.
Flanders preſents him with a Choice more fair;
There was all Truth, all unſtain'd Honour there.
His Eye was ſtraight t'a diſtreſs'd Beauty led,
Fixt like a ſecond Royal *Andromede*.
At Stake her Fortunes and her Glories lay:
And all deſign'd for a Devourers Prey.

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He ſaw the Monſter roul the ſwelling Tide;
Hungry he came, and gap'd Deſtruction wide.
Her Dangers made her Luſtre brighter ſhine;
Her Sufferings ſhap'd her Lovely and Divine.
Here the warm *USSORY* could hold no more:
Here his Wing'd Steed the fiery Rider bore;
Whilſt to her Aid our Angry *Perſeus* rod.
Revenge is the Eſpouſal of a God.
Rouz'd by her Wrongs, a generous Sword he draws,
Wedding his unbrib'd Hand t' a Spotleſs Cauſe.
Thus doubly arm'd, to Royal *ORANGE flew,
Showring like *Jove* in Gold, and Thunder too.
Done like himſelf, an Action great and high:
'Twas more to face, than follow Victory.
To tug with *France*, was but to fight more warm.
The Nobleſt Grapling's with a Conquering Arm.
Here the calm *USSORY* takes a long Reſt
Of two whole Years in Glories *Halcyon* Neſt.
Th' unactive Chriſtendom does not afford
A ſecond cauſe for his Miraculous Sword:
Till rouz'd by an Alarm from th' *Africk* Shore,
Tangier and Honour call him out once more.

* *Diſdaining the Advantageous proffers of* France, *and taking the* Confederates *ſide, for the Juſtice of their Cauſe; ſpending in their Service* 60001. *of his own in one Campaigne.*

The

The angry *Moors* the ROYAL CHARLES invade;
Tangier by Chriſtian * Arts and Arms betray'd.
Apoſtate faithleſs Chriſtian, by the firſt
Of your own falling Traytors taught, and curſt:
Who for his worſhipt dearer Idol, Gold,
His Paradiſe, and Sacred Maſter ſold:
His entail'd Treaſons to his Heirs convey'd,
The Chriſtian ſtrength like their own *God* betray'd.
Thus comes the skill'd *Barbarian* to the Field,
Fighting behinde an *European* Shield:
An Enemy ne'r Terrible before,
For Numbers dreadful, but for Conduct, more.
Too ſoon the Town the preſſing *Savage* feel,
The fatal Earneſt of his well-taught Steel;
Whilſt *England* waken'd at their ſad Alarms,
Calls out the valiant *OSSORY* to Arms.
No leſs the Loyal *OSSORY* prepares
On his own Neck t'unload his Countries Cares,
With twice their Zeal, but not with half their Fears.
With Warlike Rage like a new Comet burns:
To *Africk* ſtraight his pointed Vengeance turns.
Here flying Fame with the glad Tydings poſts,
Which the ſhrill *Tritons* waft to th' *Africk* Coaſts.

* *The* Moors *being taught the Art of* Storming *by* Renegadoes.

The

The Raviſht *Tangerines* at his ador'd
Dear Name, to Hopes, to Life, to Souls reſtor'd,
Quit their Deſpair, and with one Ecchoing Cry,
Their univerſal Voice was, Victory.
Charm'd with their Tutelar Saint, *Tangier* is all
But one united Solemn Feſtival.
Whilſt jocund *Gibraltar* does his tun'd Praiſe
Above its own *Herculean* Columns raiſe.
Their Extaſies to thoſe wild Raptures ran,
Fill'd with the Deeds of this Prodigious Man;
As they had foreſeen the Miracle again
Of the old Prophet on *Philiſtia*'s Plain:
Such certain Conqueſt from his Name conclude,
As if the *holding up his Arm* ſubdu'd.

But oh! in vain the Great Commiſſion's given;
'Twas Seal'd on Earth before 'twas Sign'd in Heav'n:
CHARLES calls him, but GOD ſends him forth. Alas!
Our Conquerour a new *Rubicon* muſt paſs,
Bound for a further more Triumphant Coaſt,
Deſign'd the Leader of a Brighter Hoſt.
'Twas here th'Impoveriſht Mourning world he left,
Too early of its deareſt Pride bereft:
Yes, happier Stars, caught up at Natures Noon;
Yon Azure Battlements o'erleapt too ſoon.

The envious Fates ſnatcht our Rich Hopes away,
Ere half his Golden World diſcover'd lay.
What vaſt Atchievements has one Grave entomb'd,
Deſignes of Glory yet unwing'd, unplum'd!
So on a Cedar's top, Lord of the Grove,
O'er ſome proud Mountain, broods the Bird of *Jove*;
Till an unhappie Blaſt of Lightning ſhoots,
Rends its tall Trunk from off its ſhatter'd Roots;
And when in Duſt the Marty'rd Reliques lie,
All her whole Neſt of unfledg'd Eaglets die.
With ſuch a fall our *OSSORY* expir'd,
OSSORY as far Lamented as Admir'd;
A Tribute due t' his Conſecrated Name;
His Exequies as boundleſs as his Fame.
Nor was this Grief alone t' his Friends confin'd:
For he deſerv'd ſo well from all Mankind,
That ev'n his Foes, ſpight of themſelves, are juſt,
And dedicate a Sigh to *OSSORY*'s Duſt:
Whilſt Chronicles muſt his ſad Fate record
Pity'd by Envie, and by Fear deplor'd.
Onely th'unchriſtian *Savages*, the wild
Barbarian Africks well-pleas'd *Genius* ſmil'd.
The *Moors* ſo loud an *Iô Pæan* ſung,
Till to their *Mahomet* their Echoes rung.

Our

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Our Chriſtian Heroe's death ſuch Tranſport darts,
Up from his amorous Paradiſe he ſtarts,
Leaving, to gratifie his new-charm'd Ears,
Th'unfiniſht Pleaſure of a Thouſand Years.
But tho' *Tangier* has a Defender loſt,
And ſpightful Deſtiny his Wiſhes croſt;
War, and War's darling-Goddeſs left him laſt:
As living, he ador'd her, he embrac'd
Her dying, in his pangs he held her faſt.
Still at *Tangier* * his waving Enſignes flie;
Forts, Bulwarks, Trenches glide before his Eye:
And though by Fate it ſelf diſarm'd, he dies,
Even his laſt Breath his Sooty Foes defies;
He ſtill his Viſionary Thunder pour'd,
And graſpt the very Shadow of a Sword.
Not the *Pellæan* Conquerors Fever burn'd
So Fierce as his: his Dreams to Battles turn'd,
Sieges and Storms; a Scene of Death ſo Great,
As did his Active, Martial Life repeat.
And when his Fighting Frenzie rov'd too far,
'Twas but a Copie of th' old Gyants War.
In Antick Forms he wild Battalions drew,
Rais'd Hills on Hills, *Pelion* on *Oſſa* threw.

* *All the* Deliriums *of his Fever were wholly taken up with defending* Tangier, *and fighting the* Moors.

Vaſt

Vaſt were th'Idea's of his mounting ſoul;
'Twas Glory all, War all, Ambition whole.
And when th' Extravagant Heroe ſoar'd too high,
It was but ſome Aſpiring Thought let fly,
That Sally'd out to take Eternity.
Onely his Storms did more Auſpicious prove,
T' aſſail the Skies he had all Friends above.
Beyond their faint Original he flew,
For he ſcal'd Heav'n like them, but won it too.
Here couldſt thou, Muſe, to Numbers have confin'd
The ſtrong bold Starts of his great labouring Mind,
His ſtrange Convulſions, and Tempeſtous Flame;
Know, twas the Earthquakes of his looſning Frame.
Fancie he in a Fiery Chariot rod,
And ſhook the Chryſtalline on which he trod.
For his Approach here waiting Angels ſtay,
Ready a Throne, prepar'd a Diadem lay:
But our great Saint comes more prepar'd than [They.
Uſeleſs a Coronation-Robe was given;
Majeſtick he ſet out, array'd for Heaven.
Few were the Drops t'anoint his ſacred Brow;
Fragrant he came, and Radiant as he flew.
Quick was the Ceremony, ſhort the State;
But Long the Shouts their well-tun'd Joys create:

Their

Their Glittering Gueſt in a full Quire they greet,
Who brings that Light, which others die to meet.
If ſuch Celeſtial Pomp fills thy new Train,
Let not thy Heavenlyer Joys, bleſt Soul, diſdain
That meaner Homage which poor Mortals owe,
Paid by thy humbler Worſhippers below:
When Ages ſhall, in Monumental Braſs,
Write thy Recorded Praiſe till Time's laſt Glaſs;
And with ſuch Zeal preſerve thy Hallow'd Shrine,
Till th'expir'd World's laſt Aſhes mix with thine:
Fame to all Nations ſhall thy Worth unfold,
In Heav'ns Prophetick Eloquence of old:
Her wondrous Tongue, for wondrous Truths de-
Speaks in all Languages to all Mankind. [ſign'd,
Yet ſtay, Great Saint, loud as thy Deeds ere rung,
In whatere Soyl thy planted Lawrels ſprung,
There was a Region where thy Praiſe ne'r flew,
And that forbidden Air thy Fame yet never drew.
For from Thee they were baniſht, from thy Ear;
In all their Flights durſt never reach that Sphere.
Thy Actions kept a Solemn Jubilee,
By all men heard, by all men told, but Thee.
And yet this Modeſt Godlike Chief muſt pay
Nature's laſt Debt and die. Die! did I ſay?

Pardon, bright Heir of everlaſting Day.
Great Worthies never yet entirely dy'd;
Death onely does Invert their Pyramide.
The Heroes Soul, the Baſis of his Fame,
That 'bove the Clouds mounts his Immortal Name,
He gone, the Stars our happier Rivals claim.
And when his vaſt tranſlated Spirit, alone
An *Atlas* load, builds its Eternal Throne;
Does a whole Spacious Conſtellation fill;
Not Heav'n it ſelf can hold him all: for ſtill
He leaves his Deeds behinde him when he Dies:
Points down his Pendant Glory from the Skies.
Blaze out, blaze out, a Glory ſo divine,
Till all Great Mindes by thy Reflection ſhine;
Their Pious Griefs to Emulation turn,
Till their warm Pitie up to Envie burn.
So may this Sun of Honour ſet in State,
Gilding the Sable Clouds that Mourn his Fate.
May his Example thus ſuch Patriots breed,
That ſhall to all his high Renown ſucceed;
And, as his Courage is too large a Gueſt
To make a Tranſmigration to one Breaſt;
Like the old *Greeks* when *Alexander* dy'd,
Share his great Heart, his World of Fame divide.

FINIS.